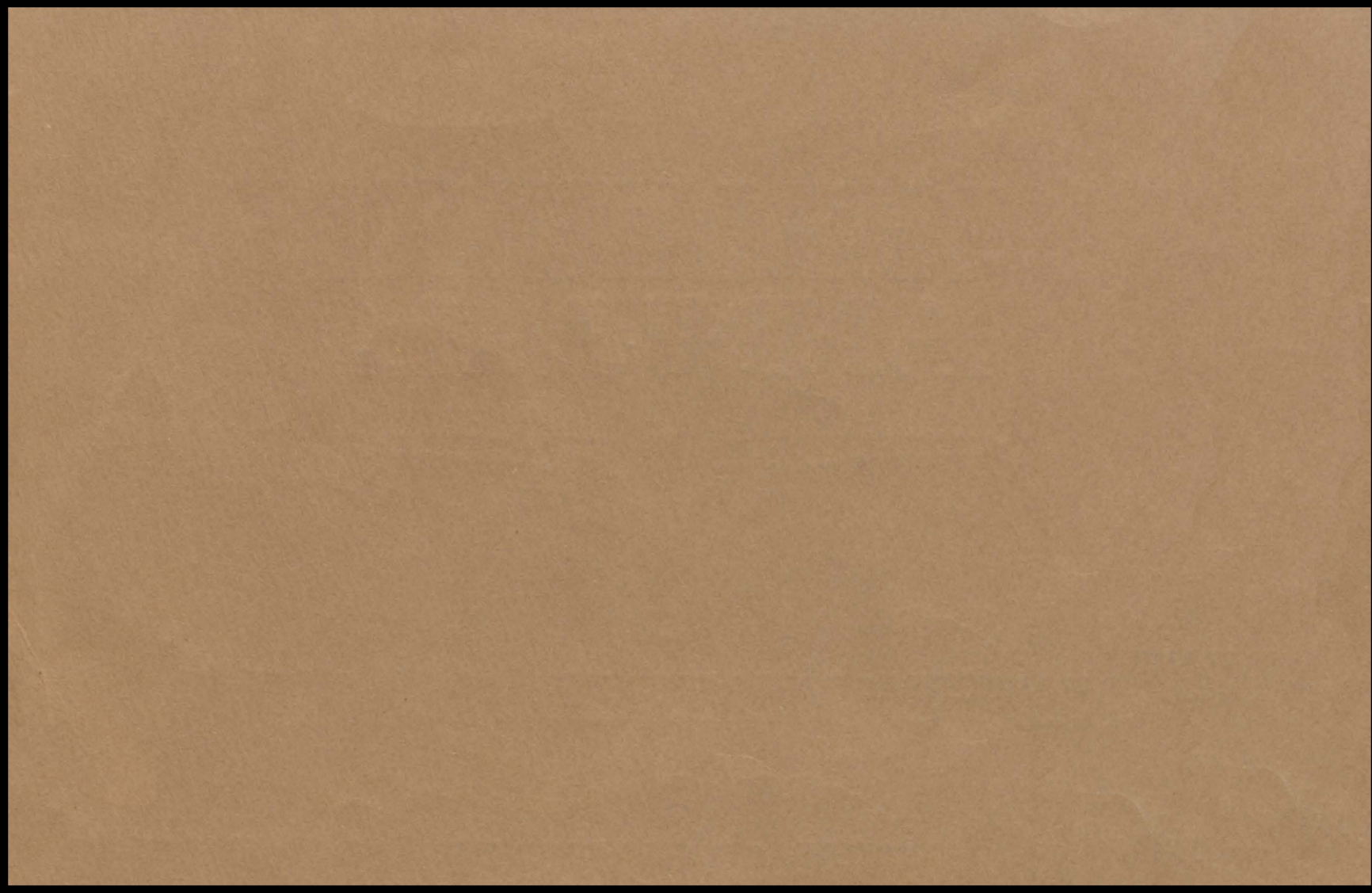




# BLOOMFIELD HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL



NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHT





... Bloomfield High School Annual ...



ISSUED BY CLASS OF 1908

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.





*To MISS ELLA L. DRAPER*





## HISTORY OF CLASS OF 1908

E. M. EDWARDS, '08

Unlike the previous classes in the High School, the class of 1908 dates back to the wise King Solomon. When he was at the height of his power he declared that there would be a class in Bloomfield High School, namely, the Class of 1908, that would be the best known in the history of that school. We certainly have fulfilled the prophecy made by the King.

We came into prominence the first day we entered high school, for one of the fellows, who always had a fondness for the girls, insisted upon going down their stairway until our able principal set him straight. The rest of our Freshman year was taken up in getting acquainted with the other students and in arguing with our history teacher, Mr. Dodson. Of course we thought we knew all the history there was to be known and we tried to convince our teacher, but he didn't see it that way. It took him weeks and weeks to prove to us that the American Army was made up of tramps, and that South Dakota was better than New Jersey. Between times we managed to learn a little about Rome and Greece, but he gave that up in despair when one of the scholars said that **Columbus was the first president of the United States**, and did not have the courage to return after the summer holidays.

We enjoyed many a pleasant time in our Zoology class trying to find the brains of mosquitoes and other beasts. Miss Merchant, our teacher in that subject, was very capable and those who were earnest had a great deal.

SUSIE W. McCRODDAN, President

EDWIN S. HEALY, Vice-President

ROBERT W. BETTS, Secretary and Treasurer

E. Mhyrwyn Edwards, Editor

Susie W. McCroddan  
Carrie B. Langstroth  
Stella Harris

Assistant Editors

Edwin S. Healy, Managing Editor

### ... CLASS ROLL ...

Edith Carswell Barry

Ella May Bland

Anita Bruett

Robert W. Betts

Jessie May De Hart

Edith Mac Decker

Edna Draper

Joseph John Durna

E. Mhyrwyn Edwards

Grace Lillian Ferguson

S. Parker Gilbert, Jr.

Stella Harris

Helen Elmina Hubbard

E. Morrell Hinkle

Margaret H. Torbensen

Edwin S. Healy

Alice Catherine Kelley

Carrie B. Langstroth

Susie W. McCroddan

William H. Martin

Edna Parkhill

Maud Parsons



## HISTORY OF CLASS—Continued

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Officers for this year were: President, E. Morrell Hinkle; Vice-President, Angie Crowell; Secretary and Treasurer, Edwin Healy.

Our Sophomore year was a lively one, for we were continually in disagreement with the Seniors and Juniors. In the fall of that year we held a reception in Center School, at least we held a small part of it, while the Seniors and Juniors held the other part, for in some marvelous way they managed to possess themselves of our cream, for which they very willingly paid by saving their spending allowance for six weeks.

Once during the winter the hawk and the owl, the emblems of the Seniors and Juniors respectively, took it upon themselves to join the Sophomores. They flew to that room and arranged themselves for a long stay. But on the following morning they were missed by the Juniors and Edward Crane was sent out to look for them. When he saw where they were he tried to coax them to come down, but they were too elevated to notice him. Then he went for his comrades, who compelled them to return to their accustomed places. As a result there followed a most appropriate decoration of our art-loving classman.

Early in the spring of the Sophomore year we held a straw ride. Everyone enjoyed himself immensely and it was at this ride that we discovered that we had a tenor soloist, for Hinkle insisted upon pitching our songs too high. We studied hard from then until the last week in June when we had another reception at the home of Mrs. Corraz. The Seniors and Juniors were outside begging for cream, but the only piece they got was one that reached a Junior in such a way that it failed to satisfy his appetite.

During this year we had four new English teachers, one new French teacher and a new History teacher. We seemed to be well up in English, for we absorbed all that the teachers knew, and one by one they came and went, but our French and History teachers still go on and may go on forever.



## HISTORY OF CLASS—Continued

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We left school that year feeling that while school was a place for work, yet there is a lot of fun to be obtained from that work if one only looks long enough.

The officers for this year were: President, Edwin S. Healy; Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, Samuel Disbrow.

When we came back to go through our third year, we made up our minds to get in some good hard work and we succeeded pretty well. Mhyrwyn Edwards was chosen President, Susie McCroddan Vice-President, and Edwin S. Healy Secretary and Treasurer. We got along fairly well with the Seniors, for they acknowledged our superiority. For recreation most of the fellows were either on the football or baseball teams, while the girls amused themselves by teasing Mr. Losee, who liked it (or at least seemed to like it) very well. The girls became so very talkative in the English period that whenever we were in that room and a rooster happened to crow or a dog bark Miss Wyman would say, "Girls, please stop talking." However, we managed to keep up in our studies until June and in that month we gave our beloved Seniors a reception in honor of their graduation. It proved a very fine affair, of course, the best in the history of the school, at least Joe. Mann said so and he is an authority on such affairs, especially on the refreshment side. We afterwards heard that between him and Crane two cakes, one gallon of fruit punch and six plates of ice cream were consumed. We also heard that Crane filled his pockets.

Now we come to the time when we entered school with heads up, chests out and steps firm. We were Seniors. Oh, how big it made us feel when we sang "Wake, Freshmen, Wake," the first day we came back. We often wonder if it sent the cold shivers up and down the Freshmen's backs as it did when we were in that class. Everything seemed rosy and bright. Our class had been considerably enlarged in our Junior year by two girls and now it was made taller and more expansive by two boys. Nothing very

## CLASS PROPHECY—Continued

### MAUD PARSONS

Miss Parsons (much against her wishes,) has been the subject of various magazine articles. It is due to a peculiar use she makes of the megaphone. As the president of a college she is called upon to make many speeches. Her voice is so low that she cannot be heard two feet away, yet by using the megaphone she makes herself heard all over the building.

### "Maudie"

### MARGARET TORBERSON

Torby after leaving High School became deeply interested in dates and their connection with crimes and now on the 13th and 23rd of every month she may be seen peering in old houses hunting for clues.

### "Torby"

M. T., '08.









## GLEE CLUB CONCERT

For weeks before the eighteenth of February the chief topic of conversation at the Bloomfield High School was the Glee Club concert. How could it be otherwise when all over the building you would hear, "Buy a ticket of me?" or "You're coming to the concert, arn't you?" Tickets were bought and the Jarvie Memorial Hall was crowded with a very enthusiastic audience, showing that the public is more interested and appreciative than ever of the good singing of the club.

Several old favorites appeared on the programme. That is one of the features of the Glee Club to try and give "something to attract every one." The selections by the Etude Club were rendered splendidly and the general opinion is that the club has improved greatly during the past year under Mr. Smith's direction. The second part of the program was devoted to light opera music, Miss Irma Harrison and Miss Irene Brown singing the solos. Miss Harrison, who has been with the club some time, deserved all the credit given her, and Miss Brown in her "coon songs" made a decided hit. Mr. Edwards was a typical "Harrigan" and sent everyone away smiling.

People in general who have been questioned on the subject have voted the concert an entire success and its up to us to keep up our reputation.

## A MIDNIGHT AWAKENING

Sometime between 11:30 and 12 o'clock on a windy night in autumn when the few remaining leaves were falling, the eagle which stands in the Senior room of B. H. S. awoke and stared at the black-board opposite him. Then catching sight of something familiar, he heaved a deep sigh and said, "Never mind boys and girls, 1906 will soon be here and then all your troubles will end."

At the sound of his voice the owl beside him opened his eyes. But as he could see better in the dark and was somewhat wiser than his feathered brother, he said, "Surely you are mistaken, for if I remember rightly your time is past and 1907 will soon reign supreme."

Ha! Not so! came from a sonorous voice at their right, and both birds turned around.

What they beheld was the ancient and renowned head of a goat hanging above the calendar, its eyes upon that object.

"A goat!" exclaimed the eagle.

"A white goat!" echoed the owl.

"Yes," came the proud rejoinder, "the symbol of the class of 1908."

"You have only one horn," sneered the eagle.

"The other I lost in a famous battle while protecting the class which now occupies this room."

"Humph!" said the owl. "Your ear looks as though something had been chewing at it. A mouse, perhaps."

"That's just where you are wrong! That's another mark I received in battle. Oh, I can show



## A MIDNIGHT AWAKENING—Continued.

you a good many scars I obtained fighting for the class of 1908. But we always came out on top. We're the class alright. Just open your eyes about this time tomorrow and look down at them once."

"Do you know," said the owl, turning to the eagle, "I thought I heard a good bit of noise around here lately. I've been disturbed several times."

"Yes," laughed the goat. "It's the merriest class you ever saw. Laugh and grow fat, you know. Our class is noted for its stout members. Julius Cæsar is a favorite. He liked stout people. Why, I don't believe there will be room on the platform for the Glee Club this year."

"Oh, we are the class without any doubt," the goat laughed merrily after a short silence. "You people who go through the world without fighting for your rights and let other people walk all over you, you are not very much, I can assure you."

"Well," began the eagle, "when we were Seniors—"

"We!" echoed the goat, derisively, "We! How about the time when you hung up in the assembly room! Shame!"

The eagle hid his head in his feathers. The owl, having nothing to say, huddled up together while the wind whistled and the windows rattled. All was silent.

"A midnight awakening," said the goat, smiling, as he heard the great clock on the First Church strike twelve. Then he once more turned his eyes upon the calendar beneath him, watching patiently, yet with regret, for the day to come when his class would march in triumph from beneath this roof.

ALICE KELLEY, '08.



## Class Will.

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We, the Class of 1908, of the High School of Bloomfield, in the county of Essex and State of New Jersey, being of sound mind and memory, and being convinced that our life in the school is about to end, do, therefore, make, ordain, publish and declare this to be our last Will and Testament; that is to say: FIRST. After all our lawful debts are paid and discharged by those who are so fortunate as to become in any way our heirs, the residue of our estate, real and personal, we give, bequeath and dispose of as follows:

FIRSTLY. To the Class of 1909, the room known and described as No. 12, along with the desks and seats, which last no doubt will prove most useful to the class as they have the reputation of being generally and always tired.

SECONDLY. To that same class, the black-boards, with the soap-suds left on them after cleaning the walls, and their decorations in the line of pictures, real and imaginary, finger marks and mosquito bites.

THIRDLY. To the Juniors, the two trophies won by us in valorous battle and argument, the Hawk from the class of 1906 and the owl from the class of 1907, along with the perches on which they have sat, do sit, and shall sit.

FOURTHLY. To the next Senior Class the honored emblem of our class, the Goat's Head, provided, FIRST, that he be properly washed and cleaned, once a week in the winter, and thrice a week in the summer, by the judicious use of water  $H_2O_2$  78° C., and twenty-mule team borax. SECOND. That if he any time be attacked by that most disagreeable disease called the mumps, his face be shielded with a handkerchief from the curious gaze of the numerous flocks of people who shall come to the school to look at the room in which the class of 1908 last sat, and his neck be rubbed twice daily with pure camphorated oil to keep the skin from cracking.

FIFTHLY. To the Class of 1909, and we may add that while this is our last (gift) to this class, it is by no means the least important, our pussiant, valorous and awe-inspiring Class Spirit, through which we have committed so many great deeds, and which has enabled to lay low the mighty members of 1907 in more than one lasting engagement, and which, we sincerely hope, will inspire the Juniors to give at least a straw ride some day.

CLASS WILL—Continued

SIXTHLY. To the Sophomores, the holes in the walls, the lack of putty in the windows, the abundance of sunshine in the room in the summer and the lack of it the winter, and any other things of their character which they may find.

SEVENTHLY. Two the Class of 1910, the two small cloak rooms which, if tried, will prove to be capable of holding two chairs each, and which are very nice places to sit in when the doors are pulled down. Those inclined at all towards spooning will no doubt be very thankful for this gift.

EIGHTHLY. To the Class of 1911, the twenty-four plates of ice cream willed us by the late Class of 1907. It was thought best, as we have never received this gift, to give those of 1907 as long a time as possible to pay their just debts.

Likewise, we do hereby make and appoint the firm of Squash & Doodlepate to be executors of this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all previous wills by us made.

In Witness Whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our names and pasted our seals, the nineteenth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

CLASS OF 1908.



The above written instrument was subscribed by the said Class of 1908 in our presence, and acknowledged by them to each of us. We, at the testator's request, and in his presence, have signed our names as witnesses hereto.

E. M. SQUASH,

R. W. DOODLEPATE.

## ... THE ALUMNI ...

Bloomfield High School has sent a long list to win fame in the college world. We may well be proud of those who have gone from our school, and we all know they are proud of Bloomfield and are willing to let us share their honors.

Lewis Ashley, Holyoke, '08  
 Mattie Parkhill, Holyoke, '08  
 Jessie Teal, Holyoke, '08  
 Sara Teal, Holyoke, '08  
 Clara Haines, Trenton Normal, '08  
 Lila Baldwin, Trenton Normal, '08  
 Gladys Smith, Newark Normal, '08  
 Winifred Draper, Wellesley, '08  
 Martha Bordman, Barnard, '08  
 Carrie Woodward, Smith, '08  
 Natlie Bourne, Pratt, '08  
 Margie Dann, Barnard, '09  
 Jennie Hubbard, Barnard, '09  
 Irma Sibert, Pratt, '09  
 Rolland King, Princeton, '09

Franklin Wells, Princeton, '11

Spenser Phraner, Princeton, '09  
 Cecil Cady, Stevens, '09  
 Theodore Weber, Cornell, '09  
 Jeannette Taylor, Newark Normal, '09  
 Helen Tice, Newark Normal, '09  
 Herbert Harris, Cornell, '09  
 Grinnell Disbrow, Amherst, '09  
 Carrie Underwood, Smith, 10 *died 1909*  
 Fred. Tydeman, Cornell, '10  
 Ina Wright, Boston School Oratory, '10  
 Clifford Lawrence, Rutgers, '10  
 Malcolm Carl, Rutgers, '10  
 Mary Bartholomew, Holyoke, '11  
 Aletha Blecker, Holyoke, '11  
 Joseph Mann, Princeton, '11

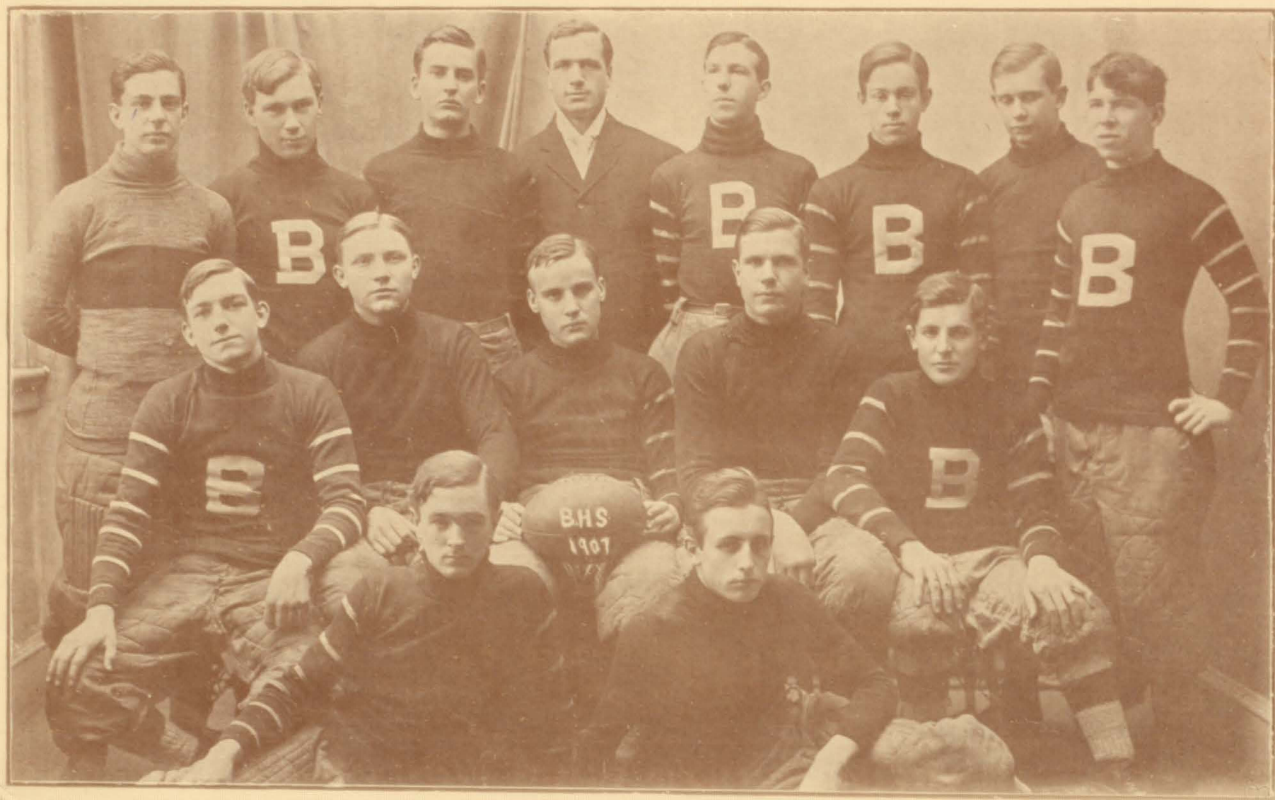


## PLAIN SINGING GOOD ENOUGH

Everyone admires a good singer, but everyone can't be a good singer. This is the story of a class of ambitious choir boys who admired one of their companions for his singing and wished to imitate him. This special boy was the favored one who sang the solos and gained the envy of his comrades. On Sunday, when his molodous voice trilled high above the others, there came on the faces of the envious ones a look of sadness and envy. Oh, if they could only make their voices "shake" as his did! On week days he was one of them in every way, but when Sunday came he seemed of a different world, and all on account of his voice. One day an envious fellow said to him: "Tom, how do you make your voice shake so without going off the key?" Tom thought a moment and then replied with a condescending air: "Why, haven't you fellows caught on yet? I just punch my stomach when I come to the high notes and they come out fine and shaky."

Thereupon every one of those boys registered a vow to punch his stomach next Sunday. It happened that the next Sunday was to be a special service day and a visiting pastor was to fill the pulpit, so the little chaps thought it would be just the time to trill like Tom. Sunday came bright and clear and the boys filed into church with sober, determined faces. Tom sang a solo first and all the boys watched him. Sure enough he punched his stomach, but wasn't it funny they had not noticed it before? Then came their turn and every fellow sang out loud and clear on the low notes, but when they came to the high notes something happened. Instead of trills all sorts of groans and calls were heard. The leader looked around, the congregation smiled and Tom—why he lay down on the floor and laughed until he cried. That was the end of the trills in that church. Plain singing was good enough for them, the boys declared.

MARGARET TORBENSEN, '08.





## ... FOOTBALL ...



Although the team which represented Bloomfield on the gridiron during the season of 1907 was one of the lightest in the history of the school, yet it made a creditable if not brilliant record, winning four games, tying one and losing six.

The first game, that against Newark High School, ended with the score of 23-0, against us. Undiscouraged we tackled Montclair Academy next, but a worse fate awaited us and we came home with the score 41-0 lingering in our memory. In the next game, however, Fortune, the fickle muse, smiled on us and we triumphed over Perth Amboy 5-0. The game with Montclair High School, though a defeat, showed what Bloomfield could do when it tried. In the last half, with the score 26-0 against them, our players drove Montclair down the field and scored by a pretty dropkick. In spite of its strenuous efforts, Bloomfield was defeated by Passaic next 20-0. However, the worm turned and it was Perth Amboy which again suffered, the score 33-0 being chalked up against it. In this game it was shown what Bloomfield could do against opponents of its own weight. In a hard fought battle with Pater-son we managed to hold their heavy team down to a 6-6 score. Orange High School was our next opponent, and we nearly staved off defeat, but in the last minute of play our men were forced back and Orange crossed our goal line; score 6-0. But we managed to close our season with a victory, defeating Battin High School in a hard fought game 6-0.

## FOOTBALL—Continued

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Mention should be made of "Jack" Maxfield, who, out of raw material, turned out a well-balanced team, who stood by us through defeat and coached us to well-earned victory. It is to him that our creditable record is mainly due.





## ... JINGLES ...

When Sue walks up to school each day,  
Her shadow's ever near ;  
It comes to meet her, so they say,  
Which certainly seems queer.  
Now, Susan, if you keep this up,  
I'm very much afraid  
That you may be regarded  
As a kindergarten maid.

Bill Martin says French is his forte,  
And he certainly finds it great sport ;  
He will translate at *sight*  
What you'd work on all night,  
But it doesn't go on his report.

In the spring, then Mhyrwyn's fancy  
Lightly turned to thoughts of *socks*,  
And he bought them oft and early,  
Bought them even by the box—  
Pink ones, green ones, red and yellow;  
Some so loud they fairly talked.  
We really didn't mind plain colors,  
But at Sing-Sing stripes we balked.

Sweet Stella is surely a star,  
Especially where chemicals are ;  
She's afraid things will fizz,  
Or go off with a whiz,  
And her pretty complexion will *mar*.

Poor Ted is geology mad,  
It really is more than a fad ;  
He is searching alone  
To find a rare stone—  
A Beryl would make him feel glad.

Margaret is often heard to exclaim  
" Miss Wyman, did you read my name ?  
I said not a word,  
'Twas not I you heard ;  
I really don't think I'm to blame."

Alice Kelly, a maiden " petite,"  
Is always so dainty and sweet,  
Though at times rather *sporty*  
And sometimes quite haughty  
She's all right from her head to her feet.

Now, Edith, you know you look " *cute* "  
And your Merry Widow hat is a beaut ;  
Don't say I am horrid  
And wrinkle your forehead,  
It isn't polite to dispute.

Edith Decker, who lives on the park  
Is jolly from dawn until dark,  
But exams makes her weary,  
And then she is dreary  
Until she discovers her mark.

JINGLES—Continued

At chemistry Bob. Betts is a shark,  
But here I should like to remark  
That test tubes are not cheap,  
And he breaks up a heap;  
His explosions cause many a lark.

When Helen you're trying to find,  
It is well to bear this thing in mind,  
If you go to the door  
Of the room Sophomore  
You will surely see one of her kind.

Edna Parkhill one day stayed to lunch  
With the 1908 girls, quite a bunch,  
I'm free to confess  
Her sardines were boneless  
And that H<sub>2</sub>O made all the punch.

Our friend Ella, so much in demand,  
Has a manner both childlike and Bland.  
If you ask her the way  
She makes puffs every day,  
She will say, "with my skillful right hand."

He's the cleverest lad in the class,  
With no study I'm sure he could pass  
The hardest exam—  
For he never would cram—  
But there's only one Parker alas!

What is it makes Fergie to sigh  
And look sadly up at the sky?  
She'd never complain  
If she thought it would rain,  
For she's pleased when a *Storm* is close by.

Edna Draper sings just like a bird,  
Her voice is the sweetest I've heard,  
She will take upper C  
With the greatest of glee,  
Yet to hear her is really absurd.

Fair Maude is the *noisiest* girl,  
She puts all our brains in a whirl;  
She'll give one some chaff,  
And then how she'll laugh,  
Of fun-makers she is the pearl.

Morell is the dude of the class  
With a pretty keen eye for a lass;  
Be it Edith or Ruth,  
Florence, Angie, in truth  
A fair maid he never will pass.

When the fire-gong rings, then, oh my!  
On Jessie De Hart keep your eye;  
If she gets but one backer  
She'll go for a cracker  
To Healey and Jensen's near-by.



## JINGLES—Continued

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Mr. Durna will please change his seat ;  
Many times this I have to repeat.  
Why not stay in one place?  
He could do it with grace,  
But variety seems such a treat.

There was a young girl named Anita,  
Whose music grew sweeter and sweeter ;  
She played the piano  
In such a fine manner  
That none, I assure you, could beat her.

### CARRIE LANGSTROTH

This young maid, with dark brown hair,  
Is very sweet and gushing,  
She's got the boys up in the air  
By her glancing and her blushing.  
She has a love for motor cars,  
Her favorite is a Franklin,  
She likes it so,  
Because you know,  
It sparks without much "crankin' " !



## ... BOTTLED LIFE ...

Those mysterious little streets in the lower part of New York, that seem like little cracks between the tall buildings always have a peculiar attraction for me. There are several on the east side, about four blocks from Broadway. On these streets are large wholesale stores and tucked in between are pawn shops, little dry goods stores, curiosity shops and ship chandlers places.

I was walking along one of these, looking into the windows and enjoying myself immensely when a man touched me on the shoulder. "Say, young man," he said, "want a job? I'll give you twenty-five cents an hour if you'll help me a while."

He was a small man and didn't look dangerous and I thought it would be rather adventurous, so I said, "I guess so." And as we turned back I asked him what my work was to be. "Oh, just fill a few bottles and put the labels on," he said, and then we turned in a doorway leading up a steep flight of stairs. At the head of the stairs was a large sign, in red letters, "Bottled Life." I thought of bottled snakes and flies and such things, and then it came upon me he might be going to bottle me. "Just to fill a few bottles," my heart sank as I thought of what he had said; but then I was to put the labels on, too; this was a comforting thought and I decided to see the end of it. By this time we reached a little room furnished like an office. There was a desk, a few chairs, and a typewriter in one corner; on the walls were several official looking documents with big signatures and red seals.

My employer opened a door in the rear of the office and we stepped into a large back room. Excelsior, wrapping paper and paste-board boxes were scattered all around. In the further corner was a large table covered with glass bottles, flasks and funnels; at one side stood tall bottles of white powder and large bottles of greenish liquid.

"Now," said the man who bottled life, "you fill these bottles, then I will come and show you how to seal them. I'll be back in about ten minutes," he said as he showed me the large carboy of pale, yel-



## BOTTLED LIFE—Continued

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lowish green liquid; then he turned and went back into the office. I filled the bottles and then began to look around to see what I could find. On a smaller table lay a package of pamphlets. "BOTTLED LIFE," "an absolutely sure cure for disease in every form. For burns, cuts and sores apply to part affected. Take internally for stomach or heart; an absolute cure for consumption." It dawned on me this was one of those fake medicines I had heard so much about. What horrible stuff was this white powder? I stepped back with a shudder. It was morphine! And this greenish liquid?

My fighting blood was up; I was going to do some muck raking on my own account and expose this horrible place. I filled a little vial with the greenish liquid and took some of the white powder. I was trembling with excitement. Just then my employer came in.

"Got it all bottled" he said; well, I'll mix up a little more." Then he poured some of the greenish liquid in the carboy and stirred it up. "There," he said, "I left my sealing wax on my desk, you get it." It was just the chance I was waiting for. I grabbed my hat and didn't stop till I reached a drug store.

"No," said the druggist, "I can't analyse it without costing considerable, but let me see what you have." He smelled of the white powder, rubbed it between his fingers, then tasted it. "That's powdered sugar." Then he took the green liquid, "That's peppermint," he said with a smile.

E. S. H., '08.







## ... BASEBALL ...



The baseball team has always excited more interest than any other team in the Bloomfield High School, and so holds a position towards which all eyes are turned. At the beginning of the season we were all disappointed as to the result of the games, but the tide was destined to turn. This turning was marked by a quiet little meeting of the team and coach in the latter's class room. At this meeting the real cause of our defeats was found, and two very helpful expressions were brought into play; "On your toes, everybody," and "Spit in your glove." Not only did these two phrases do away with talk, possibly a little less refined, but they enlivened the person toward whom they were directed and, in fact, encouraged the whole team to play better ball.

Our first game was played April 10, with Newark High School. The weather was misty, with every little while a dash of rain. Notwithstanding this, both teams played fine ball and the ninth inning was finished with the score 1 to 1. In the tenth inning Newark scored by a lucky hit to left field, and the game was lost. Our next game with Newark Academy was lost, with a score of 5 to 12. We are not sure, however, that the loss of this game was entirely due to poor playing. The next game was given away to Battin High, with the score 9 to 14. But now was the time for the change. It had been noticed by all that the only time we had done ourselves credit had been in the rain. So it was generally concluded that

## BASEBALL—Continued

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if we played Montclair Military Academy on a foggy day we would beat them. Sure enough, May 6 dawned dark and gloomy, and that afternoon, in the thick mist, we defeated the Academy by a score of 12 to 5. After this followed two defeats and four victories, one of which was over Newark High, with a score of 10 to 7 in our favor. This made ten games played up to date, five of which we won. The team has been very much annoyed by the fact that three or four schools have not showed up for the scheduled games, or that they have cancelled the day before. It is hoped, however, that the schedule for next year will be such that every game will be played on its scheduled day.

WM. H. MARTIN, Mgr.





FROM THE ENGLISH CLASS.

Teacher—"Miss X, what was the last important event of Addison's life?"

Miss X—"His death."

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Sarcastic teacher to boy who is making it very evident he is too warm—"Is the room too warm, Mr. B——"

Boy, fanning himself violently—"Don't know, ask it."

---

IN FRENCH.

Teacher, translating—"She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him."

Mr. M., interrupting—"Isn't that continued action?"

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Most people have a notion  
That the lobsters grow in the ocean,  
But they don't, I'll be bound,  
For they grow, its been found,  
In the High School in quite a proportion.

A. FRESHMAN'S FATHER.

## Do You Want a Good Position ?

—one of the better sort,  
one worth having?



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We believe that your ideas and our own as to what a drug store should be are the same.

You want reliable drugs and service, fair prices and courteous attention. These things we supply. We treat everybody alike; your child or messenger can buy as safely and as cheaply as yourself.

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We'll sell them no more candy  
And we'll miss their smiling faces.

But soon they'll marry and settle down  
And bring us their grocery order,  
Then we'll be here a waiting  
With a smile without a border.

THE PARK STORE

